



"Waiting for the Hunt"

Pinehurst

(By EDGAR A. GUEST)

There are other spots on this gracious earth, where the sky is just as blue;
There are scenes like these, with the gentle breeze, and the kindly sunshine too,
There are haunts made fine by the stalwart pine, where the charms of a June
are known,
But I've learned today in a curious way why Pinehurst stands alone.

There are gardens fair in the sunny south where the rich magnolias bloom,
There are fairy scenes with the wealth of greens, and the scent of a sweet perfume.
But more than a sky where the sun shines high, and more than ridge of pine,
Or a sea or a lake, God needs to make an earthly golfers' shrine.

The Lord had lavished his treasures rich all over the orb of earth,
Yet some are base with the common place, and some are lost to mirth,
But Pinehurst holds in its friendly folds the lure of an honest grip,
And a manhood fine adds to gifts divine the wealth of its fellowship.

It isn't the pine with its towering fronds upraised to the God on high,
Or the fragrant air that men come to share, and it isn't alone the sky.
It's the handclasp true, that they seek anew, the smile on the cheery lip,
And they come again to be care-free men in a brotherly fellowship.

Here honor counts more than the victory, and a man is more than his gold;
Here love of the game means more than the fame, or the joy that the prize may
hold.

Oh, Pinehurst gleams with the finest dreams, and the best that we mortals know,
It is rich in the things that a true life brings, God grant you may keep it so.

